

DOCTOR
J. C. JACKSON,
FICE OVER 164 MAIN STREET,
Opposite the State House,
HARTFORD, CT.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Incorporated 1810. Charter perpetual.—Capital,
\$100,000, with power of increasing it to \$250,000.

18 long established and well known Institution,
has transacted a most extensive insurance
business for more than thirty-seven years, through-
out the United States and the British North Amer-
ican provinces. It has aimed to secure public con-
fidence, by an honorable and faithful fulfillment of
its contracts; and owners of property are assured
that their claims for losses under its policies will
be promptly adjusted and promptly paid. Public
buildings, manufactories, mills, machinery, dwell-
ings, stores, merchandise, household furniture,
and all other property, can be insured at rates as low as the risk will
warrant. The following gentlemen constitute the
Board of Directors:—

ELIPHALET TERRY, Esq., President.
Charles H. Huntington,
Albert Day,
James S. Morgan,
James Goodwin,
Charles H. Huntington,
Henry Kenney,
Calvin Day,
David B. Smith, Jr.,
JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.
LYMAN A. JACKSON, President.
Directors for insurance may be made directly
office of the Company at Hartford, or to its
agents in the principal towns and cities of the Uni-
ted States.

ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY.
INCORPORATED IN 1810, for the purpose of in-
suring against loss and damage by fire only.—
Capital \$50,000, secured and vested in the best
manner—offer to take risks on terms as
favorable as other offices. The business of the
company is principally confined to insuring in the
city, and therefore so detached that its capital
is exposed to great losses by sweeping fires.—
Office of the company is kept in their new
building, next west of Treat's Exchange Coffee
Store, State street, where constant attendance is
for the accommodation of the public.
Directors of the company are:—

Thomas K. Bruce,
Samuel Taylor,
Joseph Pratt,
James Thomas,
David Woodbridge,
Joseph Church,
Silas B. Hamilton,
Frederick Tyler,
Robert Ruel,
THOMAS K. BRUCE, President.
E. L. Loomis, Secretary.
The Atna Company has agents in most of
the towns in the State, with whom insurance can
be effected.
Hartford, April, 1848.

THE NAUTILUS
FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK.
This company has a liberal and permanent char-
ter from the Legislature of New York, for the
purpose of insuring lives upon the mu-
tual system. It is now fully prepared to carry out
the intentions of the New York Legis-
lature, by extending its policy as far as practicable, to
the benefit of this Institution.
The charter is one of the very best in the country,
and has been drawn with the greatest care, and de-
termined by an able committee of the Legisla-
ture, who had particular regard for the in-
terests of the insured, and was finally passed by
the Legislature as a safe, desirable, and benevolent
measure.
Morris Franklin, of New York, is President
of the company. He is a highly responsible man;
late State Senator, and at this time is Presi-
dent of the Board of Aldermen of New York.
Robert B. Coleman, of the Astor House, is one
of the Vice Presidents.
James H. Hays, the extensive publisher, and late
Mayor of New York, is among its earliest friends
and officers.
Hon. Philip Hone, late Mayor of New York, is
one of the Trustees. John Nixon, a wealthy and
well known merchant, of the firm of Doremus &
Nixon, is also one of the Trustees, with other high-
responsible and well known citizens of New
York.
F. Bushnell, Esq., a distinguished lawyer, of 30
Nassau street, is the Attorney of the company.
In short, this is one of the best appointed, and
most carefully arranged Life Insurance companies
in existence. Every one that takes a policy
with it, has an interest in the company,
and participates in its profits and dividends.
The Nautilus company stands high in public fa-
vor, for safety, and as a profitable one to insure in,
as a fund of \$125,000,12 to meet losses—invest
in United States and other safe securities.
The company has appointed the subscriber, pub-
lisher of the Hartford Times, as permanent Agent
at Hartford. He will issue policies for the present
office, No. 5 Central Row.
Dr. J. C. JACKSON, whose office is over 164
Main Street, Hartford, is appointed as Examining
Physician of the Nautilus Company.
California Risks, to some extent, are taken
by this company, at a reasonable advance from
ordinary risks. A. E. BURR
April, 1849.

SILAS CHAPMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR, NO. 1 CENTRAL ROW,
Hartford.

RESPECTFULLY tenders thanks to those who have
been his patrons during the past year, and re-
spectfully solicits the continuance of their favors.
present stock of
CLOTHS, DOESKINS, CASSIMERES,
SATINS, AND OTHER FINESTINGS,
embraces a large variety, and he intends, by add-
ing the various novelties which appear, to maintain
reasonable and complete an assortment as can
be obtained.
Garments thoroughly made, and trimmed in the
latest and most fashionable style, at a sufficient
reduction from former prices to render it an induc-
ment to examine (at least) before purchasing else-
where. His friends and the public generally are
invited to call at the corner, No. 1 Central Row,
of State House.
3m47

CARRIAGES FOR FUNERALS.
THE subscribers are prepared with (probably)
greater facilities than any other establishment in
the city, to furnish all in the line of a Hearse,
coaches or Stages for Funerals, and will do so up-
on the most liberal terms.—A Hearse will be sent
promptly where any number of carriages are
required.
Particular attention will be paid to this branch of
business.
J. B. OLCOTT & Co.,
Livery Stable 115 Main Street.
Nov. 3, 1848.

Monuments.
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Marble manufacturer,
Hartford and Litchfield, Ct., would respectfully
announce to the citizens of Hartford, and the pub-
lic generally, that he has opened an establishment
223 Main street, (directly opposite Union Hotel)
where he will manufacture at the lowest possible
prices, all kinds of MONUMENTS and GRAVE
TONES, of the best American and Foreign mar-
bles.
Church Tablets, chimney pieces, mantels, centre
table, pier, bureau, and counter tops, of Egyptian,
Italian, or any other kind of foreign marble which
may be preferred, executed at short notice, and in
superior style of workmanship.
All persons in want of any kind of work in the
above line, are respectfully requested to call and
examine his styles of workmanship before purchas-
ing elsewhere.
Monuments delivered to any yard in the city
free of charge.
Hartford, April, 1849.

Cancers.
CURE warranted, or no pay will be required.
These very favorable proposals of cure of this
dreadful malady, presupposes an extraordinary merit
in the skill of the advertiser rarely to be found, and
which the most cautious cannot find fault with, or
hesitate to apply to.
Dr. G. H. LEE,
American Hotel, Hartford, Ct.

Christian Secretary.

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VOL. XXVIII.

Christian Secretary.

PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT THE OF-
FICE, CORNER MAIN AND AYLEM STREETS.

TERMS.

Subscribers in the city furnished by the Carrier,
at Two Dollars per annum.
Papers sent by mail at \$2.00, payable in advance,
with a discount of twelve and a half per cent., to
agents becoming responsible for six or more copies.
Advertisements inserted at the usual rates of ad-
vertising in this city.
Communications intended for the paper should
be addressed to BURR & SMITH, post paid.

"Another Gospel."

It is a peculiarity of Christ's teaching,
that the truth he taught is inseparably con-
nected with himself. In this he differs
from all other teachers. Moses, Isaiah,
Paul, were teachers. But the truth they
taught would be worth just as much if their
names were forgotten. Not so with the
teachings of Christ. He is himself the
centre, the subject, and the substance of
the truth he taught. Like the ancient archi-
tect who wrought his name into the
temple which he built so that it could not
be struck out without leveling the building
to the ground, the name of Christ is incor-
porated into the whole fabric of Christian-
ity, and cannot be struck out without re-
versing down the entire structure. Separated
from him, his precepts would indeed re-
main the most beautiful and complete sys-
tem of morality; his doctrines even then,
would glow with the luminous wisdom of
heaven; but their power would be annihi-
lated, and half their beauty gone. It would
be no longer the Sun of Righteousness
with healing in his beams, but a cold and
powerless moon.

There is a similar peculiarity in the mo-
tives by which the Gospel urges to a reli-
gious life. Desire to do good, the sense
of duty, the advantages of piety, the beau-
ty of virtue, pity for suffering man, these
are all important motives. But not one of
them is the peculiar motive by which Chris-
tianity urges to a life of virtue. The Gos-
pel sets forth Christ redeeming us by his
own blood, an ever-present and sympathiz-
ing friend, saying in every difficulty, "I
will not leave you comfortless; abide in me."
It sets him forth attractive in per-
fect loveliness. And love to him, affec-
tionate trust in him as a present and per-
sonal friend, becomes the motive of the
Christian's life. Thus, by a peculiarity
nowhere else realized, it combines, in the
motives of the Christian, the grandeur of
lofiest principle and the energy of impas-
ioned love.

There is "another Gospel" which has
much to say of Christ as our teacher and
exemplar—dwells with fervid eloquence on
the beauty of his precepts and the wisdom
of his doctrines—insists continually on
charity and benevolence, on the beauty
and the benefits of doing right; and yet
fails to set forth Christ crucified as the ob-
ject of love, the motive of effort, and the
ever present support of piety. The sys-
tem may seem alike to the careless ob-
server, yet it is only in the outward form.
From within the latter has been torn the
throbbing heart of life.

From these two systems result two sorts
of religion. The former spiritual, prayerful,
weeping often at the cross in view of
sin, conscious of inward conflict, sensible
of entire dependence on God, and of the
weakness of man, sometimes rejoicing with
joy unspeakable, ready for self-denial, toil-
ing patiently, successfully to do good. The
latter moral, but emotionless; counting
deep emotion fanatical; not without prayer,
yet delighting more in innocent amuse-
ments (so called), talking much of the dig-
nity of man, and leaning confidently on
the godlike powers of the soul. The former
nourished the piety of apostles, and es-
tablished Christianity through the world;
it called into being armies of martyrs; it
originated reformation that have changed
the face of the world; it has developed it-
self in revivals, has laid the foundation of
free governments, given birth to common
schools, and started the human mind on its
present career of free inquiry and rapid
progress. The latter has talked and writ-
ten eloquently, and given birth to transcen-
dentalism.

Thus is this peculiarity of the Gospel,
the peculiarity that gives it power. It is a
question to be pondered, whether amid the
multiplicity of influences now exciting the
mind, this simple yet life-giving motive of
the Gospel retains in the hearts of God's
children its proper central place. Can
Christians and ministers say, as Paul did,
"The love of Christ constraineth me; for me
to live is Christ; the life that I now live
in the flesh, I live by the faith of the
Son of God?" In the public and printed
appeals in behalf of benevolent causes, is
this appeal to Christ as "the chiefest among
ten thousands," the appeal that is oftentimes
made, or that thrills with most power on
the souls of Christians? It is delightful
to notice the simplicity and ardor of love,
with which on every occasion the apostles
spoke of the present Christ. Would the
church and the ministry to-day, naturally
describe their conduct with a similar sim-

licity and ardor and frequency of their
references to the present Christ? In pro-
portion as philosophical or rationalistic
motives take the place of this primitive and
pre-eminent motive of the Gospel, in the
same proportion will the church and the
ministry be shorn of their power.—N. E.
Puritan.

From the Watchman and Reflector.

The Experience of an Old Minister.

The following letter from an aged Baptist
minister now living, was addressed a
short time since, to two of the deacons of
the First Baptist church, this city. The
experience of the writer as a Christian and
a minister of the gospel, his allusions to the
past, and to Dr. Stillman, will be grateful
to many of our readers.

DEAR SIR,—Inasmuch as I am an entire
stranger to you, I shall now give my epis-
tle a narrative turn.

It is now about fifty-four years since I
entertained a comfortable hope that I had
experienced an interest in the pardoning
mercy of God, and in the redeeming love
of a precious Saviour. But I did not
unite with any church until the year 1799.
In October of that year, I was baptized by
Dr. Stillman, and united with the First
church, at that time under his pastoral care.

From the time I first, as I thought,
experienced the grace of God, I had, occa-
sionally, impressions seeming to urge—
"Go thou and preach the gospel." But
feeling my deep unworthiness, and entire
unfitness for so high and holy a calling, I
as often found arguments to evade those
impressions as imaginary and illusive.—
And although I often had great conflicts
of mind and was much perplexed, I suc-
ceeded in suppressing them, until the great
revival which occurred in the First and
Second Baptist churches in the years 1803
and 4. At the commencement of that
revival a Congregational minister from the
West, preached a lecture one evening in
the First Baptist meeting-house. His text
was, "Will a man rob God? yet ye have
robbed me," &c. In his illustration of
the subject, his leading points were to show,
1. The various ways in which the
impotent rob God; and 2. The various
ways in which the professed disciples of
Christ also rob God. He brought up man-
y of my own conflicts of mind on the
subject of preaching, and I came to the con-
clusion, that if my impressions on the sub-
ject, were from the Lord, he fairly indicted
me for robbery of God. Yet that was
the point. Were they illusive, or were
they from the Lord? All those exercises
for the space of four years, were entirely
mental, not disclosed to any person living.
Young Samuel was called by the Lord
thrice, and he knew not what to make of
the voice, supposing it to be father Eli's
call, who finally told Samuel it was the
Lord.

In the winter of 1804, I concluded, in
my perplexities, to make known my exer-
cises to Dr. Stillman, who was my very
much beloved pastor and spiritual guide.
I previously firmly resolved to abide by
his decision and counsel; believing he
would give his advice in the fear of God.—
And after summoning up all my opposing
arguments, considering my impressions as
unfounded, I visited him in his study; and
with the frank simplicity of a child, told
him all my heart on the subject; wishing
and believing he would come to the same
conclusion that I had myself, and by his
aid, my mind would, ever after, rest at
ease on that subject.

At the close of my relation, I recollect
saying to him, "Sir, I feel under every pos-
sible obligation to serve the Lord in any
way that I can. But in relation to preach-
ing, sir, I never can preach." To my as-
tonishment he took no notice at all of my
supposed cogent objections, among others,
an unconquerable constitutional diffidence,
(which has indeed been "a thorn in the
flesh," all through life), but as I sat by his
side, he lifted his hand and with his usual
vivacity clapping his knee, he exclaimed,
"Why! you will preach! you must
preach! and I hope I shall live to hear
you."

In accordance with my previous resolu-
tion, the die was now cast. And although
not convinced that it would ever be my
duty to preach, yet from a sense of obligation,
strengthened by the advice of my beloved
pastor, I settled my secular affairs (forty-
four years ago the present month) and gave
up my business, under flattering worldly
prospects, to pursue a course of study,
with a view to enter more fully into the
service of the Lord in any way His Providence
would direct; for I went out, as
Abram of old, "not knowing whither he
went." I could only say—

"Here Lord, I give myself away,
"Tis all that I can do."

It is now forty-two years last Septem-
ber since I received my license from the
First Baptist church, under Dr. Stillman's
hand, as a candidate to preach the gospel.

In the course of my ministry I have ex-
perienced some of the trials incident to a
ministerial course. And our dear Redeem-
er has afforded me tokens from time
to time, that my humble offering was ac-
cepted by Him, and has caused me "to see
much of the good of His chosen, and to
rejoice in the gladness of His spiritual na-
tion," all which demand the most grateful
homage of my heart. During my very
long confinement by disease, I have been
led to take a retrospect of my past pil-
grimage. And I see no cause to regret
any worldly sacrifices I may have made,
nor labors performed, nor trials encounter-
ed in the services of our common Lord.

I am now turned of seventy years of
age, and the active days of life with me are
now past, the shadows of the evening have
settled down upon me, and I feel no regrets,
except the plague of my own heart, my
many short comings in duty, and the lack
of greater fidelity while I had strength to
perform; the want of more enlarged tal-
ents, and more ample means to bestow on
the blessed cause of our precious Redeem-
er. If the sun of life with me, could be
turned "ten degrees backward," it appears
to me now, I would endeavor to redeem
some of my lost time by doubling my dili-
gence in future. But that would depend
on divine grace. For I would have the
same treacherous heart to encounter, and
the same external influences to draw aside
from duty.

In the government of an unerring Provi-
dence, I am now, in my old age, in re-
duced pecuniary circumstances, occasioned
by loss of property, and for many years the
loss of health. But I have great cause for
gratitude to our heavenly Father that I have
not been tortured by a murmuring spirit.—
"It is the Lord, let Him do what seemeth
Him good." "Shall a living man complain?
A man for the punishment of his sins?" I
am conscious that I have much
cross that needs to be taken away. And
if penury in outward circumstances, and
bodily pains and distresses are to be the
furnace of refining, our heavenly Father's
will is the best. "He is too good to be
unkind." When he chastens, it is in love.
He is faithful who has promised; neither
will He suffer his faithful ones to fail. There
is a need in all our afflictions; and I am
sometimes ready to say, "Though He slay
me, yet will I trust in Him." During my
most severe bodily distresses, I have tho't
that I realized the application of the Sav-
iour's words to His disciples to my heart,
—"Peace I leave with you; my peace I
give unto you, not as the world giveth, give
I unto you. Let not your heart be trou-
bled, neither let it be afraid."

and on the shore, on the earth and in the
earth;—in days of brightness and days of
gloom; in hours of sun and seasons of
storm; in times of trouble and times of
peace; in the heights of day and in the
depths of night; through the savageness
of winter and through the gentleness of
spring; in the energy of youth and in the
impotence of age; when health is dancing
in the blood, and when disease is eating up
the strength; when death is in the lonely
home, and when happy life encircleth the
heart;—thus the wheel of labor would
go round with the earth, and the children
of industry, chained to its surface, must
follow its ruinous circumvolutions till ex-
hausted by unnatural efforts, they relax
their hold, drop off, and suddenly disappear.

"The worn-out wayfarer, finding no ven-
erated resting place, and no house of enter-
tainment to cheer him in his travel, must
sink at length on the roadside, and miser-
ably perish. The delicate and the fragile
would be speedily 'crushed,' by such a
dumb, 'before the moth.' Feeble constitu-
tions, that with a seventh day's fostering
care, might eke out their residue of strength
for many years, would be broken down
with a sudden crash. Incipient diseases,
which nature, invigorated by adequate rest,
might overgrow, would be developed with
a deadly rapidity. An intense labor would
be found a dreadful forcer of the seeds and
rudiments of decay, which are imbedded,
more or less plentifully, in all of us. Un-
der the vassalage of such a gigantic oppres-
sor as unrestricted labor, earth would reek
with the sufferings of her offspring; whilst
the all-absorbing prayer of her millions
would be for 'Rest! Rest! Rest!' or the
quiet slumber of the grave!"

The Length of Sermons.
This is a subject of increasing difficulty,
because the age is becoming more and more
hard to please. John Wesley often pre-
ached but fifteen minutes. Whitefield is re-
ported to have said that a sermon should
seldom exceed forty-five minutes. The
best preacher I ever heard, habitually
preached one hour or more. Samuel Dav-
ies commonly preached from one to two
hours. The Covenanters often preached
from two to four hours, in the times in
which their history is most remarkable.—
Luther, I believe, has somewhere said, that
"one qualification of a good preacher is,
to know when to stop." Another has said:
"Better leave your audience longing than
loathing; abstinence is less hurtful than re-
pletion." Prolx discourses on any subject
are commonly useless. Yet there is great
danger of seeking brevity at the cost of
thoroughness and clearness. "Dum brevis
essa studeo, obscurus fio," is a maxim of
great weight. The habit of preaching two
or more sermons on one text is of very
doubtful utility. It may sometimes be done
to advantage, but not often. What then
shall be done? In answer, let it be said,
that no preacher should feel obliged to say
one word more than is called for by his
subject and the occasion. If he is done
in twenty or thirty minutes, let him stop.—
On the other hand, let him not sacrifice a
subject to a watch. If he transcend the
time usually allotted to such a service, let
him show by the vigor and terseness of his
thoughts that there is a call for usual length.
But let not our preachers yield to the cur-
rent of popular feeling, which has made
sermons, in some pulpits mere short es-
says or exhortations, in no case exceeding
fifteen or twenty minutes in length. No
congregation can be well instructed under
such discourses. Have something impor-
tant to say. Say it clearly and connect-
edly. Then stop.—Presbyterian Treasury.

"Too Late—Too Late!"
THE DYING UNIVERSALIST.
A Leaf from the Journal of a Home Missionary.
I might also speak of another case quite
different. I visited him lying on a sick-
bed, from time to time, but his heart was
hard and unrelenting. With his deluded
wife, he trusted in Universalist principles.
Thus, apparently with perfect indifference,
he continued several months upon his sick-
bed. But death was now drawing near.—
The physicians informed him that he could
live but a very short time. As I was think-
ing upon his situation one evening in my
study, at a very late hour, I heard a rap at
my door. I found a messenger from the
dying man, desiring me to come immedi-
ately and see him. Although his family had
endeavored to persuade him to wait till
morning, yet he must see me without delay.
I went immediately to the house of death;
all was still and solemn as I entered the
apartment where the dying man lay. As I
approached the bed, his languid eye rested
upon me. "Oh," said he, calling me by
name, "you see that I am going fast. I
have sent for you that I may attend to the
interests of my soul. What I do, must be
done quickly. I have often heard them
say that a dying bed was a poor place for
repentance. I find it to be true. Oh, what
shall I do?" I endeavored, as I had pre-
viously done, to direct his mind to "behold
the Lamb of God which taketh away the
sin of the world." After a moment's pause,
"Oh," said he, "it is too late! it is too late!"

I have long slighted the offers of mercy.—
The time was, some five years ago, when I
felt mercy was very near," (alluding to a
revival season when he was almost persua-
ded to be a Christian); "but," said he, "I
grieved away the Spirit, and now he has
gone from me!" Now in great agony of
mind he endeavored to pray, repeating
the Lord's prayer, and calling for mercy.
He now turned to his weeping wife, and
said, "Ah, we have tried to believe in uni-
versal salvation; but it will not satisfy us
in a dying hour." He now expressed his
sorrow for maintaining such principles, and
extorting the influence he had over others.
Again he cried, "Oh! what shall I do?—
What shall I do?" An anxious sister re-
plied, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ."
"Oh, how shall I believe? Ah, it is too
late; I have delayed this matter too long;
it is too late!"

His lips now closed in silence; he said
no more to encourage the least hope that
he died in peace. I retired from the scene,
reflecting upon the folly of the sinner in
putting off repentance to a dying hour.—
"It is too late," said the dying man, "it is
too late!" and he gave no evidence but
that it was indeed too late. God had fre-
quently called, but he had refused. Now,
he was given up, in this hour of calamity,
to feel it was too late. Thus closed the
scene with one who had been living very
near the means of grace, but for many years
was scarcely seen in the house of God.—
He had lived in open sin and folly, support-
ing by his influence and conduct the cause
of irreligion. He now, in the hour of
death, recants and shows that he is afraid
and unprepared to die.

The Beginnings of Revivals.

In regard to the commencement of re-
vivals of religion, the Source of all spiri-
tual good is often remarkably displayed.—
The beginnings of revivals are as various
as the incidents of christian experience.
Sometimes a revival commences in what
seems the most unpropitious circumstances,
overcoming all difficulties, and making all
observers feel that it is not of man but of
God, that men do not begin the work, but
that it is begun upon them, and they are
overcome by it. In others, we may trace
the kindling flame to a single heart or two,
and be inclined to attribute the beginning
to this or that man's efforts and prayers;
but the remembrance of the truth, and the
testimony of the individuals concerned, will
still lead us to give God the glory. It is
His mercy that revives his work.

Some years ago, two brethren of the
same church met in the street. One said
to the other, "I—how do you feel on
the subject of religion?" The earnestness
and solemnity of his manner affected him.
He paused a moment, and said he was
ashamed of himself and desired to repent.
Mr. R. said, "I have made my mind to
labor for Christ; I will give my time to the
work, if it makes me poor as Lazarus."
Tears stood in his eyes. They pledged
themselves to each other, and commenced
in solemn earnest. Soon that church was
blessed with a glorious work of grace.—
Vermont Chronicle.

A Gallery of Portraits.

In one of his Letters on Revivals, Dr.
Porter specified several things on the part
of ministers which were hindrances to re-
vivals, and that to such an extent that few
if any revivals were experienced when they
existed.

"A," says he, "was one of those good
men, who was under the dominion of a
sluggish temperament. To him the max-
im, 'Expect great things, attempt great
things,' however proper in secular enter-
prises, seemed little short of presumption,
as applied to the ministry. Effort, beyond
the most obvious claims of christian duty,
he dreaded. To travel from one side of
his parish to another, especially to travel
half way across a county, to attend a meet-
ing of ministers or churches, cost him as
much self denial as it cost Cesar to cross
the Alps, and subdue a kingdom. In ful-
filling his pastoral appointments, he was
always behind the time, he always made
his hearers the impression of languor
and inefficiency in his movements, and im-
parted to them too much of his own spirit.
No revival, or none of much power and ex-
tent, was witnessed in his congregation."

"B.—was a man of literary taste, an
idolater of books. He was so fond of read-
ing, especially works of genius and popu-
lar literature, that the spirituality of his
heart was gradually repaired; he laid
down his favorite authors with reluctance,
to attend a prayer meeting;—went to ful-
fill an engagement, with little of pastoral
feeling; and returned to his study, became
absorbed in his intellectual pursuits, instead
of his appropriate work, as one appointed
to watch for souls." Rare instances of
conversion, but no revival occurred under
his ministry.

"C." was fond of social avocations. Live-
ly in temper, he easily persuaded himself
that both his health and usefulness would
be promoted by associating with cheerful
company, and by mingling, at times, in
fashionable visits and scenes of amusement.

On these occasions, deeming it proper to
show the opposers of religion that it re-
quires no austerity of manners, and that a
Christian minister need not always main-
tain the aspect of gravity, he often passed
to the other extreme of levity and even fri-
volity in conversation. Though he was an
able and sometimes a powerful preacher,
and irreproachable in general morals, the
habit of jesting and story telling, which he
had insensibly acquired, destroyed the sa-
vor of godliness in his pastoral intercourse,
and exerted a deadly influence on his min-
istry. His witty anecdotes more than coun-
teracted the good tendency of his sermons.
He saw no revival among his people.

"D.—impaired his pastoral usefulness
by the voluntary multiplicity of his secular
cares. He was not merely provident and
frugal in his domestic arrangements, as
Christian duty requires every minister to
be, but he gradually acquired a passion for
gain. This led him to engage in transac-
tions incompatible with the absolute con-
secration which he had made of himself to
his holy calling. If he did not descend to
any of those sordid expedients, denomi-
nated by the Apostles, love of "filthy lucre,"
he became proverbially an adept in bargain
and business, till these engrossed his time,
and rendered him in spirit a secular man.
When a revival which prevailed around
him, seemed to have begun among his own
congregation, it soon ceased, because the
pastor could not find time to help it for-
ward.

Besides the above hindrances to re-
vivals, through some fault in the character
of ministers, there was another class of ob-
stacles, at which I can only glance, arising
from defective preaching.

"One, for example, was so ambitious of
a classical style, that he sacrificed pungency
and power to rhetorical embellishment.
Or perhaps, from delicacy, or dread of giv-
ing offence, the vital truths of the Gospel
which he fully believed, he exhibited in a
phraseology so covert and indefinite, as
that virtually he did not preach the truth at
all.

"I need not extend my remarks here, as
I have already stated what the general
strain of preaching was among revival min-
isters; and every sort of preaching that
was of essentially different character was a
hindrance to revivals. There was then, as
there is now, a kind of sermons which seem
to be like certain medical nostrums, the
chief merit of which is said to be, 'That if
they do no good, they will do no harm!' But
eternity will sanction no such maxim
in the awful business of preaching the Gos-
pel. Mediocrity in the circumstances of
this business, there may be; but in the spir-
it, the sentiment, the tendency of a ser-
mon, there is no half way. It is good or
it is bad.

"There were few instances then of what
are sometimes called 'moral preachers,'
who condemn certain vices, and ur-
ged external duties, but never aimed to
make any great truth of the Bible bear
with solemn impression on the conscience.
There were few who preached the sover-
eignty of God in such a way as to provide
a refuge for sloth, in ministers and Chris-
tians. But the obstacle to success which
has been the most fatal, and by far the most
frequent, within the compass of my obser-
vation, especially among ministers who
have had little experience in the school of
Christ, is too much reliance on themselves,
and too little on God."

"Moral Insanity."

The following extract from the annual
report of the Mount Hope Institution for
the Insane, (Baltimore) is well worthy the
attention of parents and guardians:

"This form of mental derangement is er-
idently increasing in our country, and the
principle causes to which this augmenta-
tion is attributable, are a faulty education
and over indulgence in early life, and the
immoderate indulgence in the reading of
works of fiction at a period of life when
the imagination and feelings are liable to
be unduly awakened and inordinately ex-
cited, without the judgement and reasoning
powers being strengthened in a correspond-
ing degree. By faulty education, we al-
lude more especially to that want of moral
training which it is the duty of every par-
ent to subject his child to, at the period
of life when his feelings and affections are
readily malleable, and may be rightly di-
rected and moulded. Moral insanity is
apt to result in later life, if the parent does
not sufficiently restrain the caprices and
the temper of the child, and if he neglects
to check any occasional transports of ex-
cessive irascibility. By a too great indul-
gence, and a want of moral discipline, the
passions acquire greater power, and a
character is formed, subject to caprice and
to violent emotions. This unchecked lib-
erty of action degenerates as life advances
into an unbridled licentiousness, and thus
a predisposition to insanity is laid in the
temper and moral affections of the individ-
ual. In such cases, the moral derange-
ment is not the growth of a day or a week;
frequently it is the product of years, the
germ being generated and the seed being
sown in early life."

"C." was fond of social avocations. Live-
ly in temper, he easily persuaded himself
that both his health and usefulness would
be promoted by associating with cheerful
company, and by mingling, at times, in
fashionable visits and scenes of amusement.

and CONSOLATIONS. A new and
book for children, in which is given a
recital of the life and death of Little Jenny
Malan, of Geneva. Massachusetts Sabbath
Society.
above books are for sale by Charles How

ackard, manufacturer of shoemaker's tools in Sturbridge, was consumed by fire on the 28th inst. loss estimated at \$2,000.

ITALY.
GENOA.—Letters from Turin of the 8th inst. an-

BURR & SMITH,
Interiors, 184 1-2 Main Street, Hartford

NEW 22, 212 (Successors to Wm. B. Davis,) Nos. 14 and 16 Asylum St.

For sale by **BELKNAP & HAMERLEY,**
Board, 60 1-9
Cloth, 75cts.

present; and as for landholders, I am positive there is not one out of five remaining, so that the creatures that still live and move here may be termed rather an accumulation of dead and dying humanity, than what is generally meant by a population."

ed 44 years.
in Stafford, April 14th, Eugene A. Baker, aged
son of Henry C. Baker.
in Ellington, March 8th, of the croup, Mary, on-
child of Harvey and Mary Perria, aged 3 years. P

April 27, 1949 **BURR & SMITH,**
Printers, 184 1-2 Main Street, Hartford

of Cloths, Cassimeres and vestings, which
now offer to the trade at the lowest New York
Boston prices. **HASTINGS & GURLEY,**
(Successors to Wm. B. Davis.)
Nos. 14 and 16 Asylum St.

Philadelphia edition, 2 vols. in one, in paper, 50cts.
" " " Board, 60 1-2
" " " Cloth, 75cts.
For sale by **BELKNAP & HAMERSLEY,**

Fires in Meriden.—Mr. Charles Pomeroy's office, in the eastern section of Meriden was destroyed by fire a few nights since. His books and papers were also destroyed, as was also a small building adjoining.

Another.—A dwelling house, in the western part of the same town, occupied by Mr. S. L. Williams and another family, was also burned to the ground a night or two after. A good portion of the furniture of the occupants was saved undamaged.

Late from Ireland Direct.—The fine ship *Element* of Portland, Capt. McNear, arrived at this port yesterday, in the short passage of twenty-one days from Cork, having left that port on the 12th inst. The *Element* brings about 250 passengers. When she sailed several vessels were loading with passengers for this country, and if accounts are reliable we shall see such a swarm as will make the immigration of previous years a mere trifle. Many of the passengers bring along with them who were formerly landholders, but have been reduced to poverty by the unexampled failure of crops in Ireland, for sev-

The reports for the past year from the District Poor Law Inspectors to the Commissioners are published in a volume of misery most dispiriting to read. Every page of this book which is devoted to be laid before Parliament, teems with evidence of the exemplary patience of the unhappy peasantry of Ireland, under sufferings that have injured and so paralyzed the civilizing influence of a clergyman from the parish of Connaught, says this whole district is almost a wilderness. "Out of 5,000 inhabitants, which was the population of this parish four years ago, I am sure we have not 600 at present, and no probability of the number ever rising." "Not one year out of five remaining, so that the creatures that still live and move here may be termed rather an accumulation of dead and dying humanity."

Died.

In this city, April 28th, Miss Anna Deming, aged 63.
At Seafield, April 21st, Miss Lovinia A. Granger, aged 19 years.
She bore a long and protracted illness of intense suffering, with Christian resignation; having a desire to depart at the will of God. An afflicted family and the Church of Christ lament her loss.
At Windsor Locks, April 29th, Mr. Harris Husall, aged 66 years and 8 months.
In Ellington, April 6th, very suddenly, Mrs. M. McKinney, wife of John McKinney, aged 80.
In Rocky Hill, April 25th, Mr. Allen W. Miller, aged 44 years.
In Stafford, April 14th, Eugene A. Baker, aged son of Henry C. Baker.
In Ellington, March 28th, of the crop, Mary, one of the

and children's
and adults all col-
or summer wear—fine
and low prices.
together with a full as-
ortment of Leather
goods for ladies and
children, both sewed
and pegged.
Gentlemen's, Ladies', Misses and Child-
ren's Patent and common Rubbers, Shoe Brushes,
Shoe Polishing, &c. &c. all of which will be sold at the
lowest prices.

ALL see and at A. L. GABRIEL'S
STON SHOE STORE, Sign of the BIG
BOOT, 229 Main Street, Hartford.

B. Another large lot of those broad, easy
shoes for elderly Ladies, kid and leather, both thick
thin soles—sizes large and broad enough for
the largest and most tender feet.
April 27, 1849.

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REVUE OF DR. BUSHNELL'S NEW WORK.
 The subscribers will publish on Saturday, the 14th of February, a Review of Dr. Bushnell's Theories of the Inspiration and Atonement, by Rev. Robert Turnbull, of the First Baptist Church, New York.
 BROCKETT & FILLIS, CO. & SONS,
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Apprentices Wanted.
 An opportunity is offered for two boys to learn ornamental branches of the Printing business, from 14 to 16 years of age. They should be good scholars, familiar with reading, writing, grammar, &c. For such advantages as can be secured, see advertisement. Apply at 104-12 Main St.,
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COLOTHS, CASSIMERES AND VESTINGS.
 Our subscribers have just received an additional stock of Cloths, Cassimeres and Vestings, which now offer to the trade at the lowest New York London prices.
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The argument is stated plainly and with logical precision, the style is clear, simple and beautiful. It is worthy of patronage. The work is more than a great deal better. It is worthy of the careful study of all who would be well armed in defense of the faith with one delivered to the same.

From Zion's Herald, Boston.

It is written in a luminous and popular style, and with much acuteness and learning. We can commend the book as a very timely and very able discussion of the great truth of God's government.

From the Boston Echo, Branch.

For Christians and those seeking for truth in the life and mission of Christ it is a most valuable companion. Every thing is treated in a clear and comprehensive manner, and no one can read it without pleasure and profit.

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Maccabees' History of England.
Macaulay's edition, 2 vols. in one, in paper, 60cts.
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For sale by **BELEMAN & HANCOCK**

Poetry.

For the Christian Secretary.
Constans to Probis.

Dear brother Probis—Have you seen
A paper which of late has been
Sent out to members of the Union,
To ascertain what of communion
Or fellowship there still may be
Touching the cherished policy
Of membership on monied basis
As the true missionary crisis?
From whence a vital power shall flow
Forth to redeem this world from woe—
As the grand secret of success,
This world to evangelize and bless—
A polity most wise and wary,
In raising funds so necessary
To send the gospel far abroad,
To bring the far-off nigh to God.

The question is of alteration,
From more to less, for initiation;
Whether, as now, the price shall be
One hundred dollars, or fifty,
For privilege and right to vote
On ways and means to best promote
The work of God—to legislate
On questions which anticipate
The gospel's speedy promulgation
To every tribe and every nation.
To this an answer definite
Of yes or no, is requisite.

And now, dear Probis, if it be
A question of mere policy
Whether the greater or the less
Exceed in availability,
Why, then, let them third remain
As fruitful moor of present gain.

But if the question be extension,
By special grace and condescension—
Of suffrage due to Christ's own poor,
Opening to all a wider door
Of entrance—if co-operation
From Christ's own chartered corporation,
The Church, be sought, then let there be
I say unhesitatingly,
Nor hundred dollars nor fifty
For right of membership. Let all,
Whether with means enlarged or small,
Their prayers and free-will offerings bring
As they of heaven have prospered been,
And in the place of *monied parity*
Give room to humble faith and charity,
And let our only Union be
THE CHURCH, UNITED, EQUAL, FREE!

The Smile of Jesus.

BY REV. W. B. COLLYER, OF LONDON.
Lovely is the face of nature
Deck'd with spring's unfolding flowers;
When the sun shows every feature
Smiling through descending showers,
Birds, with songs the time beguiling,
Chant their little notes with glee;
But to see a Saviour smiling
Is more soft—more sweet—to me!
Morn, her melting tints displaying
Ere the sluggard is awake;
Ev'ning's zephyrs, gently straying
O'er the surface of the lake;
Melting hues, and airy breezes
All have powerful charms for me;
But no earthly beauty please,
When, my Lord, compared to Thee.
Soft and sweet are showers descending
On the parch'd expecting ground;
Fragrance from the fields ascending
Scatters health and joy around.
These with every earthly blessing
Loudly for thanksgiving call;
Yet one smile from Thee possessing
Surely far exceeds them all!
Sweet is sleep to tired nature;
Sweet to labor is repose;
Sweet is life to every creature;
But the balm that hope bestows,
But the morn and ev'ning's breeze,
Sleep, and hope, and life, to me
All are pleasant—nothing please,
Jesus! like a smile from Thee!

Religious & Moral.

The Greatness of Man.

Mankind viewed collectively, as an assemblage of beings, presents to contemplation an object of astonishing magnitude.—It has spread over this wide world, to essay its powers against every obstacle, and every element; and to plant in every region its virtues and its vices. As we pass along the plains, we perceive them marked by the labors, the paths, or the habitations of man. Proceeding forward across rivers, or through woods, or over mountains, we still find man in possession on the other side. Each valley that opens, and each hill that rises before us, presents a repetition of human abodes, contrivances, and appropriations; for each house and garden, and field (in some places almost each tree,) reminds us that there is a person somewhere who is proud to think and say, "This is mine."

All the beautiful and rugged varieties of earth, from the regions of snow to those of the burning sand, have been pervaded by man. If we sail to countries beyond the seas, we find him still, though he may disclaim our language, our manners, and our color. And if we discover islands where he is not, we presently quit them, as if the Creator too were a stranger there. Here and there indeed a desert retreat is inhabited by an ascetic, whose solemnity of solitude has drawn thither; or by a felon, whose guilt has driven him thither.

While he extends himself thus over the world, behold his collective grandeur. It appears prominent in great cities built up by his own hands; it is seen in structures that look like temples erected to time, which promise by their strength to await the latest years of his continuance with men; and seem to plead by their magnificence against the decree which dooms them to perish when he shall abandon them; it is seen in wide empires, and in armies, which may be called the talons of imperial power—to give security to happiness where

that power is just, but for cruel ravage where it is tyrannical;—it is displayed in fleets; in engines which operate as if informed with a portion of the actuating power of his own mind; in the various productions of beauty; the discoveries of science; in subjected elements, and a cultivated globe. The sentiment with which we contemplate this scene is greatly augmented when imagination bears her flaming torch into the enormous shade which overspreads the past, and passes over the whole succession of human existence, with all its attendant prodigies. When we have made the addition of futurity, of supposing the human race extensively enlightened, and apprized of their dignity and power, and combined in a far stricter union, till the vast ocean of mind prevail over all its accustomed boundaries, and sweep away many of the evils which oppress the world—we may pause awhile and indulge our amazement. Such an aggregate view of the multitude, achievements, and powers of man, is grand. It has the air of a general and endless triumph.—*Life and Thoughts of John Foster.*

A Quaker Funeral.

We returned in time for an early dinner, and were preparing for a stroll after it, when Mr. Bartram invited one of us to accompany himself and wife to the funeral of a young girl who had died a day or two previous. Finding that she belonged to the society of "Friends," I concluded to go, as I had never seen a Quaker burial. It was nearly five o'clock, the hour named for starting, when we arrived at the house. Groups of men, old and young, stood outside the vine-covered porch, with sad and serious countenances, as though death was not looked upon lightly by them. Indeed it had been a mournful case; the deceased was a young and beautiful girl, not quite eighteen years of age, and was to have been married in a few weeks. She had volunteered her services to a poor family in the neighborhood, two of whose children had fallen victims to typhoid fever, while the third lay at the point of death.

Taking upon her the sole charge of this child, she was indefatigable in her attentions to its comfort, and waited upon it day and night with persevering energy—soothing its restlessness, and lulling it with her sweet voice to pleasant slumber, and gently smoothing its pillow; truly she seemed a "ministering angel." But icy death clasped hands with her, and the touch froze the warm blood in her veins. The struggle was painful but of short duration. She slept at last:

"Calm as a child to slumber soothed,
As if an angel's hand had smoothed
The still, white features into rest;
Silent and cold, without a breath
To stir the drapery on her breast,
She slept at last in death."

And now with the beautiful and faultless features hushed into unbroken repose of marble she lay shrouded for the tomb. A white rose was fastened to her girdle; I was told her betrothed had placed it there; her clasped hands were folded upon her bosom, and upon her delicate fingers was a ring of braided hair, his hair; she had asked that this should remain untouched where he had placed it. While I stood beside the bier, the men came in to adjust the coffin, and it only remained to consign the "dust unto dust." A long train of carriages followed the unostentatious hearse, and behind them mounted riders of both sexes completed the procession.

As we entered the grave yard the lengthening shadows of sunset fell slantingly, and the solemn hush of nature, preceding the eventide, was most appropriate to the occasion. Gathered into silence we stood, each heart occupied with its own thoughts. Not a sob nor a sound was heard. The quiet was profound—almost painfully so. After a pause of ten or fifteen minutes, the coffin was lowered and before the earth had been filled again the mourners were retracing their way to the home so lone and darkened. It was new and strange to me, this consignment of a loved one to the grave, without the utterance of a word to express either sorrow or hope—strange that the spot concentrated to her remains was unmarked, either by marble slab, trailing vine, or weeping willow; but so it was, and in a few weeks the grass grown grave would be undistinguishable from those around it.

"Do the Friends bury their dead thus?" I asked of Mr. Bartram, as we drove slowly homeward.
"In nearly all cases they do," he replied, "they cease to think of the body as other than the perishable thing it is, after the subtle essence we call life has escaped, and left it to corruption. Perhaps they realize more intensely than others that the soul yet lives, and wish to forget, inasmuch as human nature renders it possible, the medium through which they have communicated with it. But these things are, continued the old gentleman with a sigh, "too mystical for comprehension, and the less we speculate upon them the better."

A Remarkable Case.

The following may be interesting to some of our readers, we therefore give it a place in our columns:
Died last evening, with a malignant fever, Josiah Q. Bowne, an American by birth, but for the last twenty years a resident of this place. His life was an eventful one. A story connected with his earlier abode amongst us, though forgotten by many, is still fresh in the memories of the many, as a remarkable instance of resurrection from a trance, so common in these Eastern countries, where, to all appearance, the body, divested of every sign of life, has lain for days in a state of torpor, and at last been restored to animation and even health.
Shortly after his arrival here, he was at-

tacked with a violent illness, which soon resulted in apparent death. Staggered in a foreign land, he would have suffered for those attentions which the kindness of relatives or friends alone might bestow, but for the timely assistance of the widow of Jeremy Bowdon. With her characteristic philanthropy she sought out the abode of the unknown, and, with all the sympathy and kindness of Christian love, supplied the place of nearer friends, and soothed the last moments of the afflicted stranger.
But not thus terminated his career; a story of wonder and romance follows, as singular as true. The apparently disembodied spirit had not left its clayey tabernacle, but on the morning of the second day gave evidence of its abode still in the flesh, by signs of life too evident to be mistaken. Every means for restoration was resorted to, and successfully. He again awoke to consciousness, and gradually returning strength, but never to the accustomed muscular and physical power he once possessed; but while with us, continued an useful man and an honorable member of society, until death has at last completed his work and created a void in his neighborhood and circle of friends and foreign residents that will long be felt.

Upon his restoration from the trance he soon sought the "ministering Angel," who had contributed to his comfort, with all of woman's tenderness, and the friendship formed resulted, in a few months, in the offer of his hand in marriage, which was accepted, and the marriage ceremony performed by the British Baptist Missionary, (Rev. Dr. Carey) to whom the subject of this article was long and deeply attached. Six years after this union, herself and the two children of this marriage were attacked with that prevailing scourge, the Asiatic Cholera, and he was soon deprived of all that life held dear.

A large inheritance fell to him, the accumulated wealth of Mr. Bowden, the result of many years' industry and successful mercantile operations, with the British East India Company, in their trade with China, as also with the islands of the Indian Archipelago. This, together with the fruits of his own industry, in an equally successful commerce of fourteen years with Cochinchina and Siam, enabled him to amass this wealth. Death has, however, removed him from this scene of action, and his large inheritance awaits the claimants of the heirs in America.

His most valuable possessions are the large tracts of land purchased from the British in the island of Ceylon, as also the extensive grounds on the borders of Hoogly, near Calcutta, having obtained authority of the Mogul to purchase these lands at the time when the British first sought acquisitions in this territory. Papers have been found giving an account of his early life, and stating his wishes in relation to his estate, and forwarded to the American Consul at Liverpool.

Editors in Liverpool or America, will do well to copy this article, that through the publicity of the press, his foreign relatives may be apprised of his death and their inheritance.—*From a Calcutta Journal, Sept. 6th, 1847.*

The Restoration of the Pope.

The last advices from Italy make it highly probable, that the Pope will be re-instated in his former prerogatives at Rome. The defeat and abdication of Charles Albert and the success of the Austrians, will give, at least, a temporary check to the rising spirit of freedom in Italy, and fresh encouragement to the friends of political and ecclesiastical despotism. Austrian bayonets may place Pius on his throne, but it will be an unequal position. The prestige of Popery will not much longer avail to hold the human mind in chains, and yet that singular strength, that compound of weakness and strength, of folly and worldly wisdom, is too powerful to be disregarded or contemned. It will die hard. We may felicitate ourselves that its end is rapidly approaching, but we reckon without our host, if we believe it to be very near. The celebration of its obsequies will be reserved for another, though we trust not a distant generation. The great battle with it yet remains to be fought. If it has lost any of its strength in Rome, it has gained much in Great Britain and not a little in the United States. It has such remarkable tenacity of life, that to paralyze its head seems to impart new vigor to its extremities. If the Romans withdrew their supplies from the Pope, Bishop Hughes at New York and Dr. Wiseman in London will make up the deficiency by contributions collected from the faithful in their dioceses. If the Pope is compelled to admit the free circulation of the Bible in Italy, he will strengthen himself by building Catholic Colleges in England and Ireland, and inducing the Massachusetts Legislature to charter his College at Worcester. There is a vitality in Popery such as can be found in no other system of false religion under the wide heavens.—Mohammedism is waning. Buddhism is growing obsolete. Caste is yielding its all but omnipotent sway. All idolatrous systems, the world over, are rapidly passing to their dotage. But Popery has an elasticity, a strength, a life, which are, apparently, well nigh indestructible. Like Milton's angels,

"Vital in every part, it cannot,
But by annihilating, die."

Good men have therefore much to do, before this master-piece of Satan's will disappear from this deluded world, and the present is not the time to sing psalms of thanksgiving over its downfall.—*Alliance & Visitor.*

A BOSTON NOTION.—Some of the clergymen in Boston, it is said, preach in kid gloves.

A Curious Case.

The Lawrence Courier contains the following report of a case lately tried in the Court of Common Pleas at Salem, Mass.:
A rather curious case of slander has been on trial lately—the main facts of which are as follows: The defendant (Gould) lost some meal, about six bushels, which he supposed to have been stolen from a loaded wagon, left unguarded in the road, over night. Being a believer, or willing to become a believer, in the "Mesmeric Art," he forthwith proceeded to a neighboring town in search of a "cunning medicine man"—who, upon the application, proceeded to mesmerize a convenient subject. The revelation, given in a somewhat round about and confused manner, was, that the lost meal was taken by a man who drove (first he thought a bay horse, then a gray one, that he lived in an old house—with a new barn, standing somewhat higher than the house; and that in going to his house, he passed willow trees; and that he went eastwardly; he also added that the man who took the meal was a little lame. Aroused by this information, Gould proceeded to Town Meeting, and there made known the result of his inquiry of the mesmerizer. The description, thus given, it seems, applied to the plaintiff Averill, and to no one else in the town. If insisted upon, it certainly was a pretty strong insinuation that the plaintiff was the man indicated by the mesmerizer, and of course, by the defendant; hence, for this "utterance" the defendant is charged with slander—an offense to be atoned for, in the opinion of the Jury, by the sum of \$90, current money, which sum by their verdict, they direct the defendant to "stump up." The parties reside in Middleton.

Speaking out in Meeting.

Under this head the Tribune gives the following very good incident:—A young lady of this city, who is engaged and will shortly be united to a gallant son of Neptune, visited the Mariner's church on Sunday last. During the sermon, the pastor discoursed eloquently, and with earnestness of manner on the trials, dangers, and temptations of the profession of a sailor, he concluded by asking the following question: "Is there one who thinks anything of him who wears a tarpaulin hat, a blue jacket, or a pair of trowsers made of duck—in short, is there any one who cares aught for the poor sailor?" A little girl, a sister of this young lady, who was sitting by her, immediately jumped up, and looking archly at her sister, said, in a tone loud enough for every one to hear: "Yes, Sir, Beck does!" The audience were convulsed with laughter, the minister bit his lips, and concluded the services by requesting the congregation to unite with him in prayer.

Temperance Declaration of Seven Presidents of the U. S.

We have just received, says the New York Organ, the following declaration, with Gen. Taylor's name affixed. At the time it was drawn up, it was generally supposed that distilled liquors were the principal cause of intemperance, but all who have since examined the subject have concluded that intoxicating liquors, under whatever name, should be termed *spirituous liquors*, and should be avoided as a beverage, as never beneficial, but always injurious. General Harrison did so soon after his inauguration to the Presidency, that time was not allowed to procure his signature to the declaration. He would doubtless have signed it, as it was generally understood that soon after the Temperance Reform was agitated, he at once closed the fires of a large distillery in which he was interested.

DECLARATION.

Being satisfied from observation and experience, as well as from medical testimony, that ardent spirit, as a drink, is not only needless but hurtful, and that the entire disuse of it would tend to promote the virtue and happiness of the community: We hereby express our conviction that should the citizens of the United States, and especially all young men, discontinue entirely the use of it, they would not only promote their own personal benefit, but the good of the country and the world.

JAMES MADISON, JOHN TYLER,
JOHN QUINCY ADAMS, JAMES K. POLK,
ANDREW JACKSON, ZACHARY TAYLOR,
MARTIN VAN BUREN.

Novel Reading.

It is estimated that novels and tales compose one sixth of all the present issues from the American press. In France, even previous to the late revolution, the same class of productions was only in the ratio of one sixteenth. Since that revolution, the ratio has sensibly diminished. But neither the Mexican war nor the California enterprise appear to have made any sensible change in the proportions on this side of the Atlantic. Between four and five thousand different novels are now offered for sale in this country. Go to the depot or the landing, enter a railroad car or a steamboat, and you may be pretty sure of meeting some itinerant vender of vice in the form of unbound trash. This colportage system has attained such a degree of industry and impudence, as to call for a loud reprobation. In some quarters the nuisance has been already, in a measure abated. Still the work goes on; and by this means, together with the periodical press, circulating library, and other agencies, the land is becoming flooded with novels and tales, indigenous and imported. Let this evil continue unchecked, and we shall soon have a preponderance of Parisian morals whose mysteries of iniquity are so widely spread out for inspection and imitation,—

Bitter fruits, which are only the portentous promise of a whole harvest, already begin to appear. We have, in a previous number, adverted to some of these indications, as seen in the elopement of infatuated misses, and in other forms. The friends of good order and sound morals are extensively awake. Still we do not deceive ourselves at liberty, as yet to desist from attracting attention to the subject. The authors of these writings—those filthy dreamers—and their publishers and vendors, deserve reiterated rebuke.—*Christian Observer.*

A NEW FACT DISCLOSED.—We were not aware, until recently, that the books of newspaper publishers are consulted to quite a large extent, by people in business, to ascertain the pecuniary standing of persons. Debts for newspapers come due once a year, and persons who pay up regularly for their papers, are regarded as prompt men, and worthy of confidence. To ascertain whether a man is good, they find out what paper he takes, and contrive in some way to peep into the account. Men who are good are sure to pay for their newspapers; and if they do not pay for these, they think them not good. We were forcibly struck with the idea. A pretty shrewd observer of human nature said in a newspaper office very lately, "Give me a printer's books, after all, to tell whether a man's good—they're a complete thermometer, sir; a credit thermometer; we always know a man to be bad if he don't pay the printer."—*Christian Intelligencer.*

Sixty years ago says an exchange, Mrs. Washington knit stockings for the General; now there are not fifty ladies in the city who can play that part, and hundreds know not how the apple gets into the dumpling.

A boy, at a recent examination in an English school, was asked who discovered America? "I wish I may die," says a British editor, "if he did not answer—Yankee Doodle!"

How awful the responsibility of pastors! How important that they should be sound in the faith! There is no more certain way of destroying the inhabitants of a town than by poisoning the public fountains whence they draw their water.

Advertisements.

THE SOCIAL PALMIST:
A NEW COLLECTION OF HYMNS FOR
CONFERENCE MEETINGS AND
FAMILY WORSHIP.

BY HANCOCK STOW AND S. F. SMITH.
THIS selection has been in preparation nearly five years—during which time it has been subjected to repeated examination and careful revision. The object in its preparation has been to furnish a selection of choice hymns for the Vestry and the family circle, of moderate size, and at trifling expense, exactly suited to the various stages and conditions of the conference and other devotional meetings usually held in the conference room, as well as in family worship. Hymns, for instance, on topics embracing, repentance, faith, election, earnestness, regeneration, faith, times of declension, times of revival, receiving and dismissing members; the church in prosperity and adversity; missionary, Sabbath school, and material meetings; meeting and parting, sickness and health, opening and closing year; brevity of time; death, judgment, heaven, &c. It has been the aim to supply hymns not only of elevated poetic and musical merit, but of true devotional spirit. A selection of some of the choicest hymns in the Psalms, adapted to the design of this book, will here be found, together with several new hymns, as well as those long familiar in the conference meeting, and followed by early associations of home and prayer. Their familiarity, instead of being an objection to them, is their highest praise. That they have expressed the devout aspirations of those who have passed on to the worship of the heavenly temple, gives them a charm which composition alone could not claim. In the minds of devout Christians, we believe that most of the hymns in this book will summon up some sweet and holy recollections.

The work contains 350 hymns, besides doxologies and various metrical, not numbered in the list of hymns. They are the productions of 134 different authors; 115 are by Watts, 18 by Steele, 17 by Doddridge, 14 by Newton, 9 by Wesley, 5 each by Cowper, Fawcett, Kelly and Smith, 4 each by Heyer, Beddome, Stennett, and Toplady, and others by Swan, Montgomery, Hart, Dwight, Barbauld, Hyde, Reid, Heginbotham, Grant, Connick, Oliver, Edmonstone, Kenn, De Fleury, Scott, Dobell, Raffles, Pitt, Noel, Medley, Cotton, Ryland, Williams, Boder, Cottrell, Logan, Conder, Collyer, Milman, Kirkham, White, Collins, Robinson, Dunn, Stowell, Cobbin, Kingsbury, Thornby, Allen, Grigg, &c. There is a large variety of every description of meter, embracing 33 Long, 119 Common, 54 Short, and 34 of various peculiar measures. It was first contemplated having music in the volume, but on consultation and reflection it was deemed inadvisable, as it must necessarily add to the size and expense of the book, and music not far enough to sing in social worship without notes in little avails, and is seldom used by those who usually sing in the conference meeting are entirely unacquainted with the rudiments of music and consequently are in no way benefited by this addition.

The work contains three valuable indexes: an index of first lines, a general index, and a full particular index of subjects.
The type and size of the page are the same as the good or new size of the Psalmist. It is printed on good paper, and strongly bound in sheep, and is afforded at the very low price of twenty-five cents per copy, and \$2.50 per dozen.
Copies for examination furnished clergyman gratis, on application to the publishers. The work, in paper covers, can be sent by mail at a trifling expense for postage.
Just published by Gould, Kendall & Lincoln, 59 Washington street, Boston, and sold by Brockett, Pattee & Co. Hartford.
April, 1849.

PROTECTION INSURANCE COMPANY—FIRE AND MARINE.
Office No. 8 Exchange Buildings, North of the State House, Hartford, Ct.

THIS Company was incorporated by the Legislature of Connecticut, for the purpose of insuring property by Fire and Marine Insurance—has a capital of \$200,000, and has the power of increasing its capital to half a million of dollars.
The Company will issue policies on Fire or Marine Risk in terms as favorable as other Offices.
Application may be made by letter from any part of the United States, where no agency is established. The office is open at all hours for the transaction of business.
The Directors are—
Daniel W. Clark, John Warburton,
Charles H. Northam, Elihu Peck,
William Kellogg, Thomas Becknap,
Lemuel Humphrey, A. G. Hazard,
Benjamin H. Greene, Ebenezer Seely,
Willie Threll, Mark Howard,
Elihu Hills, John W. Seymour,
William A. Ward, &c.
D. W. CLARK, President.
Wm. Cogges, Secretary.
Hartford, April, 1849.

DOCTOR
J. C. JACKSON,
OFFICE OVER 164 MAIN STREET,
Opposite the State House,
HARTFORD, CT.

HARTFORD FIRE INSURANCE COMPANY.
Incorporated 1810. Charter per paid—Capital,
\$150,000, with power of increasing to \$250,000.

THIS long established and well known Institution, has transacted a most extensive insurance business for more than thirty-seven years, through the United States and the British North American provinces. It has aimed to secure public confidence, by an honorable and faithful fulfillment of its contracts; and owners of property are assured that all fair claims for losses under its policy, will be liberally adjusted and promptly paid. Public buildings, manufactories, mills, machinery, dwelling houses, stores, merchandise, household furniture, vessels on the stocks or while in port, &c., will be insured at rates as low as the risk will admit. The following gentlemen constitute the Board of Directors:
ELIPHALET TERRY, Esq., President.
Hezekiah Huntington, Charles Banwell,
Albert Day, Henry Kenney,
Junius S. Morgan, Calvin Day,
James Goodwin, Daniel Buck, Jr.

JAMES G. BOLLES, Secretary.
C. C. LYMAN, Assistant Secretary.
Applications for insurance may be made directly to the office of the Company at Hartford, or to its Agents in the principal towns and cities of the Union.
April, 1849.

ATNA INSURANCE COMPANY,
INCORPORATED IN 1819, for the purpose of insuring against loss and damage by fire only—Capital \$50,000, secured and vested in the best manner—offer to take risks on terms as favorable as other offices. The business of the company is principally confined to risks in the country, and therefore so detached that its capital is not exposed to the great losses by sweeping fires.—The Office of the company is kept in a new building, next west of Treat's Exchange Coffee House, State street, where constant attendance is given for the accommodation of the public.
The Directors of the company are—
Thomas A. Brace, Miles A. Tuttle,
Samuel Taylor, John L. Bonwell,
Joseph Pratt, Ebenezer Plager,
James Thomas, Eliphalet A. Bulkley,
Ward Woodbridge, Roland Mather,
Joseph Church, Edwin G. Ripley,
Silas B. Hamilton, S. S. Ward,
Frederick Tyler, Henry Z. Pratt,
Robert Bond.

THOMAS A. BRACE, President.
S. L. LOOMIS, Secretary.
The Atna Company has agents in most of the towns in the State, with whom insurance can be effected.
Hartford, April, 1849.

THE NAUTILUS
LIFE INSURANCE COMPANY,
OF NEW YORK.

THIS company has a liberal and permanent charter from the Legislature of New York, for the benevolent purpose of insuring lives upon the actual system. It is now fully prepared to carry out the benevolent intentions of the New York Legislature, by extending, as far as practicable, the benefits of its insurance.
Its charter is one of the very best in the country, having been drawn with the greatest care, and deliberately reviewed by an able committee of the Legislature, who had particular regard for the interests of the insured, and was finally passed by the Legislature as a safe, desirable, and benevolent institution.

Hon. Morris Franklin, of New York, is President of the company. He is a highly responsible man; was last State Senator, and at this time is President of the Hartford Times, an office of great importance. Robert C. Coleman, of the Astor House, is one of the Vice Presidents.
James Harper, the extensive publisher, and late Mayor of New York, is among its earliest friends and officers.
Hon. Philip Hone, late Mayor of New York, is one of the Trustees. John Nixon, a wealthy and well known merchant, of the firm of Doremus & Nixon, is also one of the Trustees, with other highly responsible and well known citizens of New York.

C. Bushnell, Esq., a distinguished lawyer, of 20 Nassau street, is the Attorney of the company.
In short, this is one of the best appointed, and most carefully arranged Life Insurance companies now in existence. Every one that takes a policy is a member of, and has an interest in the company, and participates in its profits and dividends.
The Nautilus Company stands high in public favor, for safety, and as a profitable one to insure in. It has a fund of \$125,507.12 to meet losses—invested in United States and other safe securities.
The company has appointed the subscriber, publisher of the Hartford Times, as permanent Agent in Hartford. He will issue policies for the present at his office, No. 5 Central Row.
Dr. J. C. JACKSON, whose office is over 164 Main Street, Hartford, is appointed an Examining Physician of the Nautilus Company.
If California risks, to some extent, are taken by this company, at a reasonable advance from ordinary rates.
A. E. BURR.
April, 1849.

SILAS CHAPMAN,
MERCHANT TAILOR, NO. 1 CENTRAL ROW,
Hartford.

(RATHERFULLY) tenders thanks to those who have been his patrons during the past year, and respectfully solicits the continuance of their favors.
His present stock of
CLOTHS, DOESKINS, CASSIMERES,
SATINS, AND OTHER FETTINGS,
comprises a large variety, and he intends, by adding the various styles of the latest import, to maintain as reasonable and complete an assortment as can be obtained.

Garments thoroughly made, and trimmed in the newest and most fashionable style, at a sufficient reduction from former prices to render it an inducement to examine (at least) before purchasing elsewhere. His friends and the public generally are invited to call at the corner, No. 1 Central Row, south of State House. 3m47

Carriages for Funerals.
THE subscribers are prepared with (probably) greater facilities than any other establishment in the city, to furnish all in the line of a hearse, carriages or Stages for Funerals, and will do so upon the most liberal terms—a Hearse will be sent gratuitously where any number of carriages are furnished.
Particular attention will be paid to this branch of business.
J. B. OLCOTT & Co.,
Livery Stable 115 Main Street.
Nov. 3, 1848.

MONUMENTS.
JAMES G. BATTERSON, Marble manufacturer, of Hartford and Litchfield, Ct., would respectfully announce to the citizens of Hartford, and the public generally, that he has opened an establishment at 232 Main street, (directly opposite Union Hotel) where he will manufacture at the lowest possible prices, all kinds of MONUMENTS and GRAVE STONES, of the best American and Foreign marble.

Church Tablets, chimney pieces, mantels, centre table, pier, bureau, and counter tops, of Egyptian, Italian, or any other kind of foreign marble which may be preferred, executed at short notice, and in a superior style of workmanship.
All persons in want of any kind of work in the marble line, are respectfully requested to call and examine his styles of workmanship before purchasing elsewhere.
If monuments delivered to any yard in the city free of charge.
Hartford, April, 1849.

Cancers.
A CURE warranted, or no pay will be required. These very favorable proposals of cure of this horrid malady, presupposes an extraordinary merit in the skill of the advertiser rarely to be found, and which the most cautious cannot find fault with, or discredit. Apply to
Dr. G. H. LEE,
1748 American Hotel, Hartford, Ct.

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PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY MORNING AT
FIVE, CORNER MAIN AND ARMY STREETS

TERMS.

Subscribers in the city furnished by the City at Two Dollars per annum.
Papers sent by mail at \$2.00, payable in advance with a discount of twelve and a half per cent. Agents becoming responsible for six or more of advertisements inserted at the usual rates, varying in this city.
Communications intended for the paper, to be addressed to BURR & SMITH, post paid.

God is Love.

The following extract is from a sermon by the Rev. A. Monod, of Paris. We from the Rev. R. Turnbull's Pulpit, of France and Switzerland.

In a small city of Italy, buried by the volcano of Mount Vesuvius, under a rent of lava, eighteen hundred years certain ancient manuscripts, scorched fire, have been found resembling pieces of charcoal rather than books, which are folded by a slow and difficult process after line, and word after word. Such that one of those rolls of Heracleum contained a copy of our epistle, and that the only one in existence. Having read the fourth chapter and eighth verse these two words, "God is" have been ciphered, and it is not known what follows. What expectation! That philosophers have vainly sought, and the wisest among them have renounced hope of discovering, a definition of it is there, and there too from the hand of God himself. "God is"—What is he to say to us, and what is he?

What is he, that God concealed, dwells in light inaccessible, whom no hath seen or can see," whom we "fear," as it were in the dark, "though not far from every one of us," and compels us to cry out with Job: "I knew where I might find him! I gazed, but he is not there; backward I cannot perceive him; on the left where he doth work, but I cannot reach him; he hideth himself on the right that I cannot see him." What is he, all-powerful God, whose word creates every thing, and whose word can extend every thing, "in whom we live, move, and have our being," who holds us in his hand, and who can command our existence, our life, and our soul? What is he, in fine, that holds whose eyes are too pure to look upon, who, whom our consciences convict having offended, and whose wrath is revealed by nature, though neither science nor nature can assure us what he is disposed to forgive; that just into whose hands we are soon to go, may be to-morrow or to-day, ignore the sentence that awaits us, and know only we deserve the worst? What Our repose, our salvation, our eternity, all is there; and I can imagine the creatures of God bending over a cred book, in the silent and solemnization of what it is about to reveal, world touching this question of questions—
—love! Who could desire a better? Could anything like it be conceived boldest and strongest imagination? God concealed, that God all-powerful, is love. What want ye more loves us—what do I say—God loves us, all in God is love. Love is the nature of God. Who speaks of God of love. Oh response surpassing expectations! Oh blessed revelation terminates all our anxieties! O pledge of our present, our future, eternal felicity!

Yes, if we can believe it; for enough that God is love, unless we with St. John: "We have known loved the love which God hath toward the love of God can neither console, lighten, or even save us—the love indeed is to us as if it had never been long as it is not shed abroad in our by the Holy Spirit, and mingled in faith. Creatures spiritual and responsive possess the glorious but awful of being able to open or close our of the love of God, and thus to enjoy that love, which is the treasure of the hope of the universe.

How to Preach.

It is not enough that sermons the truth, important and indisputable truth. A sermon may contain every truth, and that only, and yet may be in such a manner as to prevent part of its proper efficacy. Nor can evil stop here. Instances have of the world in which preachers have nothing but what was strictly even and yet have only amused, wearied, and disgusted sober, patient and candid. The manner, the fire, in which truth is clothed, may possess an importance which would be difficult to estimate. This which I have formed of this subject will be exhibited under the following